The Evening World.

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THE EDITORIAL OF THE DAY.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been a railroad man for over thirty years.

I was in a strike mix-up a dozen years ago. Several hundred men paid their dues to the union and then went on strike. After several days the men found they were giving up good jobs and tried to get back. Many of the younger ones did. Older men were beyond the age limit.

Many of them died miserably without a roof over their heads. Many went into other jobs that paid about half what the railroad paid.

The union leaders went into business while the poor duped men were left on the streets.

Men of the railways of New York, is it worth it? You have jobs. Hold on to them.

You are on the ragged edge of nowhere. Do not let these talkers talk you out of a job that has been father and mother to you.

Go back to work. The public has faith in you. The railroad has faith in you.

If you have a job in prospect that gives you more money, go take it. If not, get back on your job and advise your brothers to do likewise.

The public is not with you in this.

Go back while the job is still open to you. Do not be led astray by false promises.

You won't be happy until you get back at that controller or that register, and you know it. Go back, and the Lord be with you.

Listen to a railroad man of over (right in this town)
THIRTY YEARS' RAILROAD EXPERIENCE.

A FREE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND.

THE EVENING WORLD'S long fight to get back the beach at Coney Island for the free use of the people is near its final victory.

The Court of Appeals has decided that the land between high water and low water mark along the Coney Island shore belongs to the State and that the public has a right to enjoy it without charge.

Attorney General Woodbury and Corporation Counsel Hardy, in behalf of State and city, are ready to begin next week to reclaim the beach and clear away obstructions—"with axes if necessary."

Thus the end is in sight of that pay-as-you-enter Coney with its fenced-off sands, barricaded with bars, wickets and "ten cents admission" signs, against which this newspaper has vigorously fought for years.

Nobody is to own the ocean, and the beach is to be free for the public to walk on.

Now let's have plans for a boardwalk running parallel with Surf Avenue—not to obstruct the beach but to make it easier for the crowds to distribute themselves up and down the sands.

A new era is opening up for Coney Island. It cannot be inaugurated too soon.

MORE DEADLY THAN EVER.

THE deadly work of the automobile in the streets of New York City is breaking all records this summer.

Thirty-six persons were killed by motor vehicles in the city last month, as against twenty-four in July, 1915. The increase is 50 per cent. More than half the victims this season have been children under sixteen.

Already the auto death toll in New York has climbed above an average of one for every twenty-four hours. It is still rising at an appalling rate. Neither laws nor the vigilance of the police have so far checked it.

One cause of the continued increase in automobile killings remains unremedied. There is still no law in New York City or State compelling owners as well as professional drivers to prove themselves competent to handle a motor car.

As Secretary Cornell of the National Highways Protective Society says:

> "As the law now stands, anybody may go to a dealer, buy any kind of an auto, new or old, drive it out of the place and go away with the machine, no matter how little he knows about driving. He is free to roam the city at will. These people are a constant and growing menace.
>
> "No number of rules or police can prevent an inexperienced or incompetent owner of a private automobile from running down somebody."

The Evening World has repeatedly pointed out: The only effective way to put a stop to reckless motoring is to make it possible for the State to say that if the owner of an automobile is unfit to drive it properly he shan't drive it at all.

So far no uniform license law for motorists has got as far as the statute books in the State of New York because up-State legislators, while willing to apply it to this city, have refused to place themselves or their families under its provisions.

The late Legislature bungled a motorists' license bill which, if it had not been rendered hopelessly discriminatory and unsound before it went to the Governor, might have become law and done much to check automobile slaughter.

Will the next Legislature make an honest effort to lessen this needless sacrifice of life in city and State?

The tersest, most comprehensive summary we have seen of the course of the great conflict to date is Gen. Joffre's order published in the official journal of the Army of France on the second anniversary of the outbreak of the war. Look it up.

Questions and Answers.

MILDRED J. STEPHENS—Apply United States Civil Service Bureau, Custom House, New York.

L. A. S.—Inquire any city free bath or Borough President's office.

A. L. W.—200 per cent.

ETHEL BROWN—Either form may be used, but courtesy usually requires ladies first.

D. A.—If your father became a naturalized citizen of the United States before you were twenty-one, you are a citizen. Otherwise you must take out citizenship papers.

A. T.—United States large copper cents 1797 sell for from 15 cents to 75 cents each. Other coins mentioned have no excess value.

A Hot Box

By J. H. Cassel

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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"I WISHT you'd a'been in here a while ago, kid," said Lucile, the waitress, to the newspaper man, as he unfolded his napkin. "We had a poet as a victim. You know—one of those dreamy kind, who think barber shops are merely hanging out places for guitar and mandoleen players."

"A regular poet, eh?"

"Sure! He takes a seat on a stool and, after tossing back his hair, says to me:

> "'I'll take some nice ezg
> Some tea without dregs,
> Two slices of toast;
> I hear that you boast
> Of cured in this place;
> I hope that's the case.
> You're pretty, I see.
> And about thirty-three.'

"There I stand, kid, taking it all in. When he finishes I'm sore. My age, you know, hasn't got no naturalization with my job, nor does it make any difference in the price of bean soup. So I give him one look and answer like this:

> "'That hair, to be plain,
> Has affected your brain.
> There's nobody home
> In your mop-looking dome;
> I'm just twenty-eight,
> And comments I hate;
> You're a fresh sort of dub.
> Now I'll get you your grub.'

"Say, kid, you should a'seen him. First he looks scared and then he grins. 'So you're a bard yourself, eh?' he says.

"Just about that time Lizzie, the tow-head at the pie counter, chirps: 'I think the two of youse ought to be barred.'

"I'm at her in a minute, like an infrustrated tigress. 'Listen, you of the hopeless hair!' I says. 'You ain't so much of an Ellis Wheeler Wilson yourself. I ain't forgot the poem you wrote to Jep, the new dish wraugler. Back to the pastry patch for you!'

"Well, sir, it closed her face and clamped it. At that the poet speaks up again. 'My dear Miss,' he says to me, 'you should write poetry for a living.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'that would be fine. I can just see the picture in the papers with the cross-mark showing where the enmancipated, famished body was found.'

"'No,' he says, 'I mean it. There's a contest being conducted by the Boola Magazine for the best poem on love. Why not try for the prize? It's twenty-five dollars.'

"'Listen, Mister!' I says. 'If you don't be more safe and sanitar, around here I'll sic a flock of barbers onto you. You write the poetry—I'll shoot the biscuits. Parley vood Franchay?' Now, what do you think of that guy, kid?"

"He was a dreamer, wasn't he?"

"A dreamer? Say, that man was a right-marser. Do me a favor, will you, kid?"

"Sure! What is it?"

"Next time you come in bring me a copy of the Boola Magazine. I want to get the address of the poetry contest editorial."

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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Wire Tapping on Hearts.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman named Beatrice. When she was a child she was much spoiled. She was very pretty and the idol of her parents. There was hardly anything she wanted, and usually the things she wanted were the most difficult to obtain.

When a box of candy came she always insisted on the particular piece that was forbidden; the others had little or no appeal for her, once she made up her mind.

She also coveted the clothes other children wore. She would come home and go into tantrums because her dress was not like Dorothy Dimple's, and generally such a dress was forthcoming.

So it was about that in all instances she preferred the thing that belonged to some one else. When she grew up she did not lose her beauty—nor this propensity. In fact it grew with her.

At high school in the very early "beau" stages, let her best girl chum become enamored of a youth and his attractions became enhanced in Beatrice's eyes. Secretly she would cast coquettish glances at him and soon had him won away from her friend.

She did not keep him long because she only saw charm in him whom some one else wanted. When she made her debut into society it was the same thing. Yet she was so sly and skillful in her methods that her friends did not discover her.

This went along for some years and her propensity assumed other proportions. Thus it made no difference whether her girl friends were married or not, should their husbands prove particularly attractive she beamed on them and made life miserable for the wife.

Thus for a long time she went wire-tapping on hearts that belonged to others. In truth she loved the wire-tapping game more than anything; for she could amuse herself as much as she pleased and then cut off without anybody knowing it.

Now it came to pass that this young woman went to visit a school chum that had been newly married. As usual, she had her wires arranged and began tapping at the heart of the husband very soon after her arrival.

Also be it known that this husband truly loved his wife, who was a woman of strength. Believing fully in her husband, she saw the situation and determined to let it go at full swing.

Beatrice used to make suggestions for the hubby to go fishing, since the wife disliked fishing, or to go out in the garden while household matters were being straightened out.

On one of these twilight occasions, just as Beatrice was wire-tapping for all she was worth at the heart of this man, the wires got crossed and she received a shock—the wife appeared on the scene.

She spoke in a perfectly calm, gracious voice, saying, "Now, Beatrice, if you really want Charlie I will make it very easy for you. I shall go away and arrange matters so there can be a divorce and he can marry you.

"I have just received this letter telling about your former wire-tapping on the hearts of John, William, and Harry, in the last places you have visited, and the wives have all formed a club against you.

"You are not to be received, so you will certainly need a protector. As there can only be one private wire in this house, I suggest that you get on the end of that one and quit wire-tapping."

The young woman saw the whole thing with startling realization, and also what it meant to her future. She was to be ostracized. She who valued her reputation so highly—who loved the social game—to be disgraced by the cold shoulder of her former friends.

Of course, there was no such idea in the husband's mind as to his going off the main line of his journey. So Beatrice took many sad reflections on her homeward journey. Moral:

People who wire-tap on hearts usually get short circuited.

How Weapons Began

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No. 12—CANNON. (Part II.)

NAPOLEON originated the artillery battle.

"When once the melee has begun," he said, "the man who is clever enough to bring up an unexpected force of artillery without the enemy knowing it is sure to carry the day."

He was quite clever enough to always do this thing, and year after year he smashed opposing armies by massing his guns on them. One hundred cannon pounded the centre at Wagram before the final charge was ordered.

The fighting at Waterloo started at 1,200 yards and not much damage was done until the armies closed to less than a quarter of this distance. Nelson sailed his ships alongside the enemy and fought his battles within hailing distance. A thousand yards, they thought, was the longest effective range.

Case shot, an iron cylinder or bag of bullets, was the big reliance in Napoleon's day. Fired into a crowd of men in the open, the result was deadly. Chain shot was a couple of cannon balls fastened together with a chain. They whirled around in the air and were excellent for tearing to pieces the rigging of a ship. Red hot shot and shells filled with melted iron were also much thought of.

Shells are over 300 years old. It was hard to get the fuses lighted at first, so the gunner had the pleasant task of reaching down the muzzle and touching off the fuse before the charge was fired. Lieut. Henry Shrapnel of the British army invented, nearly a hundred years ago, the shell that bears his name. Modern shrapnel holds 250 bullets or more and these spread out cone shaped for 300 yards from the bursting point. They and the H. E. (high explosive) are the shells of the present war.

The breechloading idea isn't new. At the very beginning cannon were made that loaded at the rear, but after stronger powder was invented no one could make a breech block that wouldn't blow out, so the muzzle-loader came into fashion. Likewise rifling. Those old gunmakers used their heads all right, but simply hadn't tools good enough to do the rifling accurately, so this idea also had to be laid aside. But when it was taken up in earnest, about the time of our Civil War, fighting in the open came to an end.

Muzzle loading cannon were used up to 1859 when they slowly began to give place to the modern style. Wonderful improvements have been made in the past thirty years and there has been a nip and tuck race for first honors between gun and armor makers.

The Confederates had 137 guns at Gettysburg, the Germans 600 at Sedan, and huge batteries of 2,500, we are told, have been used in Europe during the past year. Modern artillery is cruelly destructive, from the little mountain gun loaded on mule back to to great Krupp "42," with its tremendous range and pulverizing effect; but in spite of everything that science has done it is still the men with bayonets on the ends of their rifles that decide the issues of battles.

Roadside Map Shows Best Motor Routes.

AN example of an unusually effective method of marking highways is found in the sign erected by the Automobile Club of Southern California near Roscoe, Cal., says Popular Mechanics. On a large signboard, such as is used for roadside advertising, a map has been painted outlining the good roads to various points within a radius of seventeen miles from Roscoe. The location of all the towns is shown on these routes and in addition the principal neighboring communities are again named in two columns, beside each of which is an arrow, showing the direction in which the towns lie. A red disc marks the name Roscoe on the map, indicating that that is the village near which the sign is located. A smaller supplementary board, attached to the larger one, shows the direction and distance to the Lincoln Highway.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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MY Daughter, the Bachelor hath said in his heart:

"Oh, Providence, send me the Perfect Woman whom I seek, even the IDEAL, whereafter I have searched all the days of my youth!

"Send me a woman whose kisses are sweeter than wine and warmer than sunbeams, yet who doth not EXPECT me to kiss her on Thursday because I have kissed her on Wednesday.

"For, why shall it rain to-day because it hath rained yesterday? And why shall it be fair to-morrow because it is fair to-day?

"Therefore, why shall a man be hungry or thirsty or sentimental this week because he was hungry or thirsty or sentimental last week?

"Send me a woman who doth not glance in the restaurant mirror nor powder her nose between courses when I take her forth to dinner.

"Send me a woman who doth not sing "The Rosary," neither "A Little Love," nor tell me the plot of a photo-play.

"Send me a woman who doth not ask 'WHERE hast thou been?' neither 'WHY hast thou stayed away from me?' neither 'WHEN wilt thou come again?'

"Send me a woman who doth not TALK when I have a grouch nor pout when I am distrait nor weep when I am unreasonable.

"Send me a woman who doth not chatter to me of 'other men' who adore her nor reproach me for admiring other women.

"Send me a woman who doth not plunge in front of taxicabs nor get off a street car backward nor make me carry an umbrella nor urge me to wear rubbers nor immerse herself in New Mown Hay and Vera Violetta and Mary Garden perfume.

"Send me a woman who is always 'there' when I desire her company and never 'there' when I do NOT.

"Send me a woman who putteth no strings on me, maketh me no claims, demandeth no devotion and requireth no 'promises.'

"Send me a woman who doth not giggle, doth not say 'How perfectly lovely!' doth not call me upon the telephone and doth not expect me to write long letters, but is satisfied with telegrams and post cards and occasional 'absent treatment.'

"Send me a woman who doth not try 'stunts' upon me; who doth not assume perpetual pose; who doth not overwork her eyes and who doth not seek to entangle me in matrimony against my will.

"Yea, verily, verily, send me SUCH an one!

"And I will follow after her all the days of my life—at intervals.

"Love her devotedly—now and then.

"And think tenderly of her always—even when I am kissing another woman!"

Selah.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—SHENSTONE.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"DO you remember those nice people, the De Lanneys, we met last winter at Mrs. Stryver's?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "You remember the very handsomely gowned woman, the one who had the large diamonds, and the beautiful aigrette and the large rhinestones on her slippers? She talked with me for such a long time. You know the one with the fine figure, although inclined to embonpoint? She had her two daughters with her; they only conversed with each other in French?"

"I don't get you," said Mr. Jarr with a puzzled air, "unless you mean that fat old dame trimmed up like a Christmas tree that kept rapping a skinny, stoop-shouldered girl, who looked ready to jump out of a low-necked gown, over the knuckles because she was biting her nails. I don't blame her for biting her nails, though. That's about all one gets to eat at those little social functions at Mrs. Stryver's."

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way," said Mrs. Jarr peevishly. "The children hear you, and it doesn't inculcate a proper respect for the refining influences in life. Mrs. Stryver serves delightful watercress wafer sandwiches, and there would be plenty if a lot of poets and painters she invites, so the affair shall have an ethical and artistic tone, didn't get at them first and eat them all. And you will admit there's always plenty of tea."

"I'll admit it. I don't lessen the quantity any," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Not you!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You'd rather be in a tap room!"

"Sure!" replied Mr. Jarr, with that ready confession that lightens offense. "But what about those De Boobs, or whatever their names are?"

"Their names are De Lanney and they are very rich; the elder Mr. De Lanney was a noted dealer in antiquities right here in New York for years, and they are very exclusive. I met Mrs. De Lanney shopping; she has charge accounts everywhere. She was telling me about a quiet, nice place out in the country where they used to summer because Mr. De Lanney has such simple tastes that he cannot bear the gay whirl of fashionable resorts. He detests the nouveau riche."

"But what have I got to do with this bunch of the nobility and gentry you're talking about?"

"I'm going to call on the De Lanneys to hear more about the place Mrs. De Lanney was telling me of. I want you to come along."

"Who, me?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why am I pulled into this fight?"

"That's right! Put everything on my shoulders!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You see that I am positively a wreck from the heat. You know on account of the children we must go to some quiet summer place. And yet you refuse to give me one bit of assistance."

"I'll raise the money and pack the trunks and carry the bundles and get the tickets and attend to the children and hire the taxis and take the blame. But why do I have to mingle with the opulent and obese just to get an address?" asked Mr. Jarr.

But there was no escape; he had to go. Never let a man have his way in a little thing and he'll not expect it in a large one. The Jarrs arrived at the handsome Riverside Drive mansion of the De Lanneys in good time.

Mrs. De Lanney was somewhat flustered at the butler bringing them in the drawing room, for a smell of pipe smoke was in the air. "I'm coming in just as I am," a mellow voice was heard to protest. "Sure, if I don't know them I know him!"

"Don't mind pawpaw," exclaimed the thinnest Miss De Lanney. "He's so eccentric. Delving among antiques all his days has made a recluse of him."

The recluse appeared at this instant, a jolly, red faced, red haired old fellow in his shirt sleeves and stocking feet. "Why, hello, Jarr, old sport!" he shouted. "I thought maybe it was some of the Willie boys or La-de-dah people. I'll have some bottled beer brought in. We're just back from Maine. Mind you, I was took where you couldn't get a thing to drink except patent medicine and wood alcohol. They make the wood alcohol at the lumber mills from the shavings. But only a native can drink it. Where's my pipe?"

Mrs. De Lanney produced it and a cigar was proffered to Mr. Jarr.

As they came away Mrs. Jarr said: "I think Mr. De Lanney is a dear old soul. So eccentric. I suppose it's dealing in antiques?"

"It is dealing in junk. That's old Jerry Delanney, the scrapiron king," replied Mr. Jarr. "He's over to Gus's nearly every evening."

"Then we go to no resort he recommends!" was the verdict of Mrs. Jarr.

Origin of Gas Jets

A WOMAN'S thimble is said to have been the means of suggesting the first gas burner, says the Popular Science Monthly. William Murdock, the inventor, first burned the gas simply as a flame from the end of a pipe. One day in an emergency he wished to stop the illumination. Hurriedly looking around for something, Murdock seized his wife's thimble and thrust it over the light, which was immediately extinguished. There was a strong odor of gas, however, and the experimentor applied a light to the thimble, discovering that it was full of holes, through which tiny jets of flame appeared. The importance of the result was that the illumination from those two or three tiny jets was much brighter than had been given by the great flare from the end of the pipe. Acting on the principle which this chance discovery revealed, he constructed what was known as the Cockspur burner.

Snails as Cleaners

EVERY one who keeps an aquarium knows that it is advisable to place a few snails in the tank not only because snails are interesting in themselves, but because they are good cleaners, says the Popular Science Monthly for August. If the keeper of the aquarium knows that too much sunlight will produce too much plant growth, and has placed the vessel in a partly shaded place where the proportion of light and shade is about right, the snails, if they are numerous enough, can then control the growth.

Nature has provided them with a peculiar anatomical structure resembling a narrow ribbon, which in detail is like the band of teeth on a carpenter's rasp. Under the microscope these so called "lingual ribbons" or tongues are seen to be thickly set with rows of sharp edged teeth which are themselves toothed and which rasp off microscopic plants and carry them into the mouth.